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IS
ALL
WE
WANT!**

**YOU CAN BUY ALL
Winter Clothing, Dry Goods,
BOOTS, SHOES,
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FROM US REGARDLESS OF PROFIT.

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PIERCE-YANDELL-GUGENHEIM CO.**

INCORPORATED.

LAND OF BLUE GRASS

Editor Watterson Sings of the
Glories and Beauties of
Our Great State.

In the big Kentucky edition of the
Courier Journal, Mr. Watterson had
the following characteristic editorial:

"We had a gay time; we and another
elegant gentleman from Kentuck-
y; a gentleman from Virginia; a
fellow from New York, and a son-of-
a-gun from Boston."

"Remember who you are, Jack;
remember that you are a Kentuck-
ian, pay the bill and shoot the son-of-
a-gun."

Of all the States among the galaxy
of States, the State of Kentucky pos-
sesses an individuality, it we may
personify a commonwealth, the most
picturesque and at the same time the
most impressive. It is the one mem-
ber of the American Union which is
known all over the world. From the
beginning this distinction began to
manifest itself, and with each suc-
ceeding generation there has been some-
thing, often many things, to maintain
the original reputation. There has
been no flitting these hundred years that
the "dark and bloody ground" has
not had a vogue in current American
literature, or a place upon the con-
temporaneous stage of America. The
early pioneers were succeeded by a race
of unsurpassed statesmen and orators,
not yet, let us hope, wholly extinct.
Borne and Kenton made way for Clay
and Crittenden, and when we come
to the muster-roll of our heroes in the
senate and on the field, we are obliged
to deal with families, and to speak of
the Shelys, the Johnsons, the Har-
dins, the Letchers, the Butlers, the
Mason Browns, the Breckinridges,
the Marshalls, the Prestons, the Wick-
liffes, the Moreheads, the Underwoods,
the Metcalfes, the Witherspoons, and
before one gets through half the list,
the head is dizzy and the breath al-
most exhausted.

Old Arie Throckmorton's descrip-
tion of Henry Clay, who, "whether
before the courts of Europe or in the
senate of the United States, or at a
card table, was always Captain" is
typical of the species. The "blue-
grass" belt by no means limits the spe-
cies, though the typical Kentuckian
flourishes there in greatest luxuriance.
But from the fat lands of the Panhandle
through the Pennsylvanian to the
Green River Principality, even to the
Highlands of the Big Sandy, where
the squinch owl squincheth and the
whangoodle mourneth, and the Hat-
fields and McCoy's hold high car-
nival, he abounds with varying fea-
tures, but ever the same spirit. Half
Gael and half Saxon, with a dash
of the Corsican, the Kentuckian
needs no placard upon his back as he
strolls down the Strand in London, or
along the Rue de Rivoli in Paris. He
carries his letter of introduction in
his face; his passport in his very gait.
That face is a symphony in self-con-
fidence, that gait is the perfection of
graceful motion. You recognize him
at once as a Kentuckian, and you say
to him, "Excuse me, pardner—but
I'm from God's country myself—let's
go in and have something." You
would never venture to take such a
liberty with a well-dressed New York
man, or a ruffe-shirted Virginian, or
even if by the peculiar cut of his
jib you chanced correctly to place him.
Yet the Kentuckian is not a man to
be lightly taken and indiscriminately
slapped upon the shoulder. His clo-
thes are the latest London mode. (He
has an air of assured position no-
where lower than that of the heau-
tiful Englishman. But there is in his
swagger an easy grace, like a jockey
on a thoroughbred, wholly wanting
in the dull uniformity of English
swagger. There is in his hauteur a

radly but self-possessed glow of good
humor—an unassuming geniality,
upholstered by too many layers of
self-complacency and defended by too
full an arsenal of ready tact, and in
cases of emergency, other appliances
for maintaining his personal dignity,
to apprehend unwelcome liberties—
the sublimity of real disdain—never
attained even by the nobles of the
Regime Ancien. He does not in the
least resemble an Irishman; and yet
he has much of Irish wit and im-
pudence. He is just a Kentuckian, sir—
damn me!—and he is not ashamed of
it, sir; if you think that he is, try
him and see.

But the Kentucky woman! (Who
is that saying, "now you are playing
cards?") The Kentucky woman has
not her like on the face of the globe.
Journey through the bluegrass coun-
try and a plain girl is the exception;
an ugly one impossible. There is
something in the limestone water that
makes blue of the blood; some-
thing in the limestone water that vi-
talizes and beautifies all physical life.
Look at the horses. Look at the
horsemen. But the women; there
isn't a farm house that can't produce
a woman whom, if she should "step
thence upon a throne, wouldn't stand
there; or sit there, as if she were born
to it. They are quite as self-confident
as the men, though after a different
pattern. They have beauty and
health; they have charm; they have
style; they have quick perceptions;
and they catch the fleeting fashions of
the time—they dress well, walk well,
ride well, and if you think they were
not born to reign as well as to shine—
marry one of them!

The horses are well enough. They
set the pace the world over. The
whiskey is well enough. Drink it in
moderation, and with sugar in your
tea, as we drink it, it yields a liberal edu-
cation. The tobacco is well enough.
They smuggle it into Havana, and
whilst it has made Cuba's fame—a
distinction we can afford the Queen of
the Antilles—it brings us an income
which makes the cotton planters weep
and the very sugar cane to bow their
heads in homage. Yet, after all, our
crowning glory is the Kentucky woman;
and, whether she sweeps down
Broadway on a sunny October after-
noon, beating London and Paris out
of sight, and blinding Father Knicker-
bocker's eyes with her radiance, or
whether she rides cross country, tak-
ing Elkhorn at a leap, or bewitching
the headwaters of Eagle, in simple
calico, she wears the blue ribbon; nor
English rose; nor German statue; nor
Star of the North; nor bird of Paradi-
se can make her so take the second
place!

But enough of this. Kentucky has
glory enough and to spare. History
bristles with her statesmen, her sol-
diers and her orators. Tradition blazes
with the deeds of her daughters and
her sons. In the matter of pedigree,
man and brute, we are equally secure.
In days when process was the rule
and measure of civilization, Kentucky
led the van. But times change and
men must change with them. The
days of splendid barbarism have gone.
They have gone never to return. The
Kentuckian of the Twentieth century
must adapt himself to the Twentieth
century.

The English people are not less a
brave people because they have laid
aside their arms. They have not
degenerated because they compel by
public opinion the laws to be enforced.
Nor shall we be if we follow
their example. We need to hang a
few more judges and a few less nig-
gers; that is to say, we need to put
sterner men on the bench and better
men in the jury box. Never mind
that buck-jumping demagogue up in
Cincinnati. He is the merest secker
after popularity and notoriety. Our
duty to the commonwealth and to our
selves remains ever the same; and it
is true to both—true to Ken-
tucky—we shall begin to cast about
how to wipe out the one blot on
our escutcheon, disregard of law and
indifference to the good opinion of
mankind.

NOTHING NEW IN THIS.

The Green Goods Game in Liv-
ingston County Before
the War.

[Clinton Democrat.]

In 1882, while the editor of the
Democrat was engaged in publishing
the Beacon, at Columbus, in this
county, the late Judge E. I. Bullock,
grandfather of the editor, contributed
a series of articles to the paper under
the title of "Bench and Bar of Jack-
son's Purchase." These articles were
of a reminiscent character and attract-
ed considerable attention at the time,
as Judge Bullock touched upon many
incidents familiar to the older citizens
and introduced the names of many
well known lawyers, judges and other
citizens, some of them still living,
and many of them dead but not for-
gotten.

In the first communication printed
we find the following allusion to a trial
in Livingston county early in the
50's, which goes to show that "splin-
tering" was the original "green goods"
game:

In conclusion of this communica-
tion I will recall an incident of a trial
in the county of Livingston—the only
one worth remembering—which oc-
curred during the short period which
I practiced at the bar. I was then the
attorney for the commonwealth in this
district, and prosecuted a man named
Smith, for passing counterfeit money
on old man Watts. During the trial,
prominent among those who were ac-
tive in endeavoring to procure a
conviction was a Mr. —. His zeal in
the prosecution attracted the atten-
tion of the judge, myself and other
members of the bar, and we conclud-
ed that he, too, had suffered at the
hands of the prisoner. The prisoner
was found guilty by the jury, and
when brought up for sentence Judge
Fowler asked him the customary ques-
tion whether he had any legal reason
to assign why the sentence of the law
should not be pronounced.

Amid profound silence of a crowd-
ed court room, the man arose and
said, with a smile on his countenance
noticed by all:

"Judge Fowler you know me well;
we live close together. I am not guilty
of the crime of which I am charg-
ed; but I reckon I ought to go to the
penitentiary for something else I have
done."

"How is that," said the judge.

"Why," said Smith, "I splintered
a man once."

"Splintered a man!" said the judge,
"I do not understand you; explain
yourself."

"I will," said Smith, "if your Hon-
or will give me leave."

The judge bowed his head and the
man proceeded:

"Judge, it has been believed in
Smithland that I passed counterfeit
money, and kept it for sale. I never
had any counterfeit money, but made
my profit out of that belief, as I will
tell you. One evening a man (he is
here in the room and knows all about
it) came to me on the river bank and
said, 'Smith, have you counterfeit
money to sell?' I said yes. (He's here;
he knows all about it) and the pecu-
liar wag of his head and glance of his
eye pointed out this Mr. —, who
had been so conspicuous in the prose-
cution. 'The man said, 'I want
some.' Says I, 'how much?' Says he,
'how do you sell it?' Says I, 'two for
one.' 'Very well,' says he, 'I want
\$500.' Says I, 'all right, you can have
it.' (He's here and knows all about
it) Another wag of his head in the
same direction. 'Come to my house
after dark and let no one see you.
Bring \$250 in good money and we
will trade.' At that we parted. And

punctually after dark came my man
(He's here.) I went to the draw-
ing and got out \$500 and laid it on the
table. He examined each bill by the
light of a lamp. Says he, 'Smith this
is the best counterfeit I ever saw.'
Says I, 'that's the sort I always keep.'
Says he, 'I could pass this anywhere.'
I could pass it on Givens; I could
pass it on the bank.' Says I, 'of
course you could; I done it often.'
Says he, 'I'll take it,' and he handed
me over \$250 in bank bills. Then
I wrapped my money up in a piece of
brown paper and put it in my
pocket saying, 'now before you take
an oath.' Says he, 'all right; pro-
ceed.' and I swore him that he would
deny it; that he would deny it before
any court of justice—before his God—
his wife—and would deny it before
my face that he ever did receive from
me one dollar of counterfeit money.
Then I said to him, 'let's take a walk
and we went out and walked up the
hill, judge, towards your house. I
soon discovered that he was im-
pudent, so I stepped to one side and
slipped a piece of brown paper, and
up, under a splinter. He saw it, and
it, and after we had walked some
distance he left me, and I saw him
go and slip the brown paper from
under the splinter and put it in his
pocket."

By this time the interest of the
crowd in the court room had intensi-
fied, so that profound silence prevail-
ed, and every one was intent to hear
the conclusion.

With the smile still on his face, he
turned the glance of his eye in the
direction of his victim and then con-
tinued:

"The next morning I met him on
the river bank; he said to me, 'Smith
I never got any money from you last
night!' 'What,' says I, 'what do you
mean?' Says he, 'I mean that there
was not a d—d cent in that paper
I never got a dollar.' Says I, 'you'll
do. You can come again, I see you
are one of those who will stand by
your oath. You swore you would de-
ny it to my face, and as you have
done so you can come again and get
as much as you want on the same
terms."

Then, amid the universal burst of
laughter the prisoner took his seat.

And now the sequel: This man
served out his term in the penitentiary,
and while there worked successfully
in rock and marble. At the end of
his time he returned to his home in
Smithland, commenced work, and the
first job he got was from Mr. Watt,
on whom he passed the counterfeit
money. The next was from Judge
Fowler, who tried and sentenced him,
and after this he came to Columbus
in a boat with marble monuments and
I employed him to erect one for me,
at the head of the grave of my son
John, where it now stands. Smith is
yet living, and has, by his industry
and honest course, obliterated all re-
collection of his crime, and commands
the respect and confidence of his fel-
low-citizens. Let the reader draw the
moral.

"I know an old soldier who had
chronic diarrhea of long standing to
have been permanently cured by tak-
ing Chamberlain's Cough and Diar-
rhea Remedy," says Edward Shumpp,
a prominent druggist of Minneapolis,
Minn. "I have sold the remedy in
this city for over seven years, and
consider it superior to any other medi-
cine now on the market for bowel
complaints." 25 and 50 cent bottles
of this remedy for sale by J. H. Orme.

Green Acquitted.

Jame Green, who confessed the kil-
ling of Lina Simms at Providence, an
account of which was published in the
Press last week, was on trial acquit-
ted. It appeared that Simms, with-
out provocation, fired upon Green,
who immediately returned the fire,
with fatal result.

THE BLACK SNOW.

Indians Investigate the Phre-
nomena and Declare It to
Be Insects.

Indianapolis, Ind., Jan. 17.—Pro-
fessor Charles A. Roberts, of the
English High School and Oscar Brent
of the Medical Board, have investi-
gated the Black Snow phenomena of last
Saturday and find that that which has
been pronounced dust was really ani-
mal matter containing pigment.

This black pigment stained the wa-
ter in which it was boiled, and stained
the hands of the hands of the experi-
menters so that ordinary soap would
not cleanse them. When separated
from the water and dried, the matter
burned quite freely.

The professors disagree in defining
the animalcules. Prof. Roberts de-
clares them to be very minute tad-
poles, and Prof. Brent declares them
to be very minute tadpoles, and Prof.
Brent declares them winged insects,
thoroughly covered with tiny fath-
ers. The minute specks had life, and
had but two perceptible joints in the
back.

A DISTRESSING DEATH.

Guy Laffoon, Son of Hon. Polk
Laffoon, of Madisonville.
Killed While Coupling
Cars.

Madisonville, July 16.—Guy Laf-
foon, a son of Hon. Polk Laffoon,
employed as brakeman in the service
of the L. & N. railroad was killed at
10:30 o'clock tonight at Empire, a
small station near Crofton. He was
on the through freight, running from
Earlington to Nashville, and at the
time of the fatal accident was engaged
in coupling cars. He was caught
between two cars and fatally wounded
internally. The unfortunate young
man was taken immediately to Crofton
where medical aid could be had,
but he died one hour later.

Mr. Laffoon had barely attained to
his majority, and was highly esteemed
by all who knew him. His remains
will be brought to and interred at this
place. The critical condition of his
mother's health makes his death all
the more distressing.

Pardoned to Be Hung.

Frankfort, Ky., Jan. 17.—A rather
unusual pardon was granted at the
executive office today. The man par-
doned was George McGee, the Louis-
ville convict, colored, who is confined
in the county jail under sentence of
death for the murder of a fellow pris-
oner. The offense for which the par-
don is granted is not that for which
he is to die, but that of malicious cut-
ting, for which he was serving a five
year sentence. The pardon was issued
in order to allow the death sentence
to take its course.

It is probably not the coldest wea-
ther you ever knew in your life; but
that is how you feel just now, because
past sufferings are soon forgotten and
because your blood needs the enrich-
ing, invigorating influence of Ayer's
Sarsaparilla—that most superior medi-
cine.

Many stubborn and aggravating
cases of rheumatism that were be-
lieved to be incurable and accepted as
life legacies, have yielded to Cham-
berlain's Pain Balm much to the sur-
prise and gratification of the sufferers.
One application will relieve the pain
and suffering, and its continued use
insures an effectual cure. For sale by
J. H. Orme.

NEWSPAPER PARAGRAPHS.

The Trend of Kentucky Editors'
Minds.

With the death of the Carlisle cur-
rency bill, the Carlisle presidential
boom also expires. The Democratic
party can afford in the future to touch
nothing connected with this lamenta-
ble administration.—Owensboro Mes-
senger.

What we need just now is an An-
drew Jackson in the White House, an
Andrew Jackson in the Senate, and
an Andrew Jackson in the House and
about six million Andrew Jacksons
spread out over the United States.
Democrats in Congress would soon get
together under such conditions.—
Owensboro Inquirer.

The man who loses interest in poli-
tics generally loses his principles along
with it.—Glasgow Times.

There are many men who are
anxious for Capt. Stone to enter the
race for governor that would not be so
if they thought he could get the nomi-
nation. He has always been in the
way of a few men of this district and
they never lose an opportunity to
place him farther and farther out of
the way.—Benton Tribune.

Texas' 300 lb. Hogg is going to start
a newspaper and sit down hard upon
his enemies. Oh Lord!—Louisville
Times. Will he edit it with a Hogg
pen.—Hopkinsville Kentuckian.

Editor Pike, of the Cadiz paper,
thinks Capt. Stone is the only Demo-
crat who can lead the party to victory
in the coming State campaign. Do
you suppose this is a case of "Pike's
pique" at the other fellows.—Clinton
Democrat.

The fact that Capt. Stone was de-
feated for renomination for congress
in the First district, doesn't of neces-
sity carry the implication that he
would not make a strong race for gov-
ernor in the district and in the state.
The fact that he was known to be cast-
ing his eyes towards the governorship
and the U. S. Senatorship contrib-
uted in some measure to his defeat for
congress. Candidly, we do not be-
lieve he will be nominated for gov-
ernor, if he runs, but the facts should
be stated all the same.—Clinton Dem-
ocrat.

Serious floods threaten portions of
Arizona.

The explosion of a sawmill killed
fourteen at Alto, Tex.

A bill is before the Indiana legisla-
ture to make prize fighting a felony.

The heaviest snow for years is re-
ported in the rocky mountains.

An Anarchist stabbed to death the
public prosecutor of Milan, Italy.

Ninety-two men lost their lives in a
mine disaster at Audley, England.

Miss Mary Stevenson, daughter of
Vice President Stevenson, died Fri-
day.

Gen. Wei, of the Chinese army,
was beheaded because of his coward-
ice.

Two million dollars in gold was
shipped from New York to Europe
Saturday.

Speaker Crisp has been forced to
leave Washington on account of fail-
ing health.

An Italian ship is thought to be
"running a blind tiger" off the coast
of South Carolina and Gov. Evans is
nail.

At Fairmount, Minn., Sam. G.
Hotelling shot and killed his wife, her
mother and father, and the officers
killed him in attempting his arrest.

Singers and public speakers find
Ayer's Cherry Pectoral invaluable.
It never fails to cleanse the throat and
strengthen the voice.

Statement of the Condition of
MARION - BANK,
OF MARION, KY.
At the Close of Business Dec. 24, '94.

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts	\$36,016.89
Due from Banks	12,728.38
Furniture Fixtures and Real Estate	9,800.00
Cash on Hand	7,947.28
Total	\$66,492.55

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock	\$20,000.00
Deposits	44,460.88
Surplus and Profits	2,031.67
Total	\$66,492.55

I certify that the above statement is correct to the best of
my knowledge and belief. THOS. J. YANDELL, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me, by Thos. J. Yandell,
Cashier, Dec. 31, 1894, R. L. MOORE, Notary Public.

FURNITURE.

We carry a big stock
of all kinds of house-
hold and kitchen furni-
ture, SUCH AS

Bed Steads, Bureaus,
Wash Stands, Chairs
of all Kinds, Safes,
Etc., Etc.,

**WE ARE SELLING AT
Hard Time Prices!**

This is the best time you ever saw to get
goods of this kind.

We carry a big stock of coffins, all sizes and
prices, burial robes and slippers. We have a
good hearse, and are ready at all times to
answer calls.

Walker & Olive,

MARION, KY.

D. T. BYRD, President.
J. W. RICE, Vice-President.

EDWARD RICE, Cashier.
J. C. ELDER, Jr., Asst. Cashier.

Fredonia Valley Bank,

INCORPORATED.
ELSEY, KENTUCKY.

CAPITAL STOCK \$15,000.00.

Furnishes Unsurpassed Safety to Depositors. A Bo-
lone Lock Burglar Proof Safe, Fire Proof Vaults.

Correspondents:

Bank of Commerce, Louisville, Ky.
Phoenix National Bank, New York, N. Y.
Old National Bank, Evansville, Ind.

All kinds of legitimate banking business transacted. The accounts and pa-
ronage of the public solicited. Special attention given to collections.

DIRECTORS.—D. T. BYRD, J. W. RICE, M. B. LOWMY, W. C. RICE, S. H.
CASSIDY, J. C. ELDER, JR., SECRETARY.

Will Commence Business January 24, 1895.